

THE Gleichen Call



NINETEENTH YEAR, No. 31

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER, 21, 1925

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JESSE GOUGE OPENS POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN GLEICHEN

Last night the first public meeting of the present political campaign was held in Gleichen, when Mr. Jesse Gouge, the Liberal candidate for Bow River Constituency, and the Hon. Chas. Mitchell addressed the electors in the Gleichen Community Hall.

For half an hour before the opening hour the Gleichen band played at the corner below the hall and attracted quite a crowd.

The hall was well filled when Mr. Harry Scott, as chairman called the meeting to order and after briefly stating he regretted that the Hon. Chas. Stewart was unable to be present owing to an urgent business call to Edmonton that could not be delayed. He, however, was pleased to have the Hon. Chas. R. Mitchell to take Mr. Stewart's place and the candidate Mr. Jesse Gouge. Mr. Scott said he was unprepared to make any speech and forthwith called upon the Hon. Mr. Mitchell, whom he introduced as Alberta's next premier.

Mr. Mitchell proceeded at once to give one of his ever-interesting addresses that Gleichen people are always pleased to hear for he has the happy faculty of holding the attention of an audience at all times no matter what subject he may choose to talk upon.

As Mr. Mitchell said the various questions of the present campaign had been so much discussed on platforms and reported in the daily press that even he had tired reading them and now passed over the political reading.

Therefore The Call will not attempt to report last night's meeting, also for the further reason that as The Call will not have an opportunity of reporting the other two candidates meetings to be held tonight and tomorrow night, and for the reason that in today's issue we could not be expected to devote the time necessary.

However, Mr. Mitchell spoke in the most glowing terms of the personality of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Gouge, as an educated gentleman who for many years has taken the keenest interest in everything concerning Canada as a good citizen and successful business man.

Mr. Gouge did not refer to himself at any great length, but rather confined himself to the issues of the present campaign and in an easy manner espoused the platform of the Liberals and he maintained that the King administration had in the four short years, with a majority of only one accomplished all that could possibly have been expected of any government under similar conditions, and was sure that given a fair working majority at Ottawa would give Canada a wise and sane government. He dealt with taxation, immigration, the national debt and touched on numerous other topics, which he explained in a very easy and intelligent way that all could readily understand.

In turn Mr. Gouge referred to the Conservative, Progressive and "Ginger" platforms as compared with the Liberal platform, and took occasion to extol the Canadian soldiers in the great war as greatest of all heroes in the Eypeys fight.

In concluding he did not urge the electors to vote for himself, but to vote for and consider the Liberal platform.

(The speakers were given a very attentive hearing throughout, and at the conclusion only one or two

GLEICHEN BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

After several months of inactivity a meeting of the Gleichen Board of Trade was held in the Gleichen Community Hall Club Room last Friday night with President Webster in the chair. There was an attendance of over twenty members present, all enthusiastic to see something done to insure the activity of the Board once more.

The president having explained the vice-president and secretary had moved away from town a motion was carried after considerable discussion resolving that an entire new set of directors be elected.

This proved no easy task as many nominated for one reason or another declined to accept office. However, after much deliberation the following consented to occupy the positions: President A. R. Yates.

Vice-President R. W. Brown. Sec.-Treas. L. Cluthbert and John Boyd assistant.

The only committee selected was that of the entertainment committee, comprising Messrs. Gooderham, Matthews, Hutcheson and Beach.

A number of important questions were brought up and discussed, such as the need of attention to roads leading to town, sidewalks, etc but most of these were left over to be dealt with at a future meeting or by the executive.

A resolution was passed urging the Department of Telephones to consider the matter of erecting a new telephone exchange building at Gleichen.

A letter from Mr. John C. Buckley, M.P.P., asking the Board of Trade to consider the appointment of an additional Justice of the Peace was referred to the executive.

Another letter from Mr. E. Gries his application for J.P. was also left back asking the Board to recommend in the hands of the Executive. matter with the C.P.R. of electric lights at the Gleichen depot and a committee of one was appointed to interview the proper authorities.

A somewhat detailed report of the It was decided to take up again the finances of the Stampede and Potlatch Committee secretary was submitted and discussed at some length and it was decided a brief report and expressions of thanks to all those who assisted should be prepared and published in the Gleichen Call. After thorough discussion it was determined to hold the next meeting at noon when a luncheon will be served, and the Entertainment Committee was asked to make all the arrangements in that connection.

BOARD OF TRADE TENDERS THANKS

At the last meeting of the Gleichen Board of Trade held on Friday Oct. 16th, it was resolved that the thanks of the Board should be extended to the Oddfellows, the Eastern Star and all organizations and individuals who rendered valuable assistance at the stampede and potlatch. The sum of \$700 has been turned over to the Community Hall Association as a result of the two days work and it is expected that a further sum will be realized when various goods left on hand are disposed of in the near future.

questions were asked and replied to by Mr. Gouge, after which the meeting broke up with the singing of the National Anthem.

CRAIGANTLER ITEMS OF NEWS

Threshing is in full swing after two or three halts last week. We all hope for good weather till New Year's.

George Green has his lumber hauled for a big hip roofed barn.

Andy Hansen has moved on to the Bill Dankwerth place for the winter months.

A start was made on Monday morning to haul gravel for H. H. Ellis' house and barn. The road is just as good now as they will likely be so better be getting as much hauled as possible while the weather lasts.

The geese are hovering around and thousands of duck for the past week.

On Sunday last there was quite a thickness of ice on some of the sloughs, but it disappeared again quickly. An indication of good weather for a time.

A letter received from W. Dankworth states he has arrived safe at Portland, Oregon.

CHAUTAUQUA DANCE AT MEADOWBROOK HALL FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23RD

Friday night, October 23rd, the Chautauqua committee will give a big dance in the Meadowbrook Community Hall in order to raise funds to cover an indebtedness sustained by a member several years ago. A big attendance of young people from both town and district is expected and the committee of ladies and gentlemen in charge, are doing their utmost to make this dance one of the biggest and best of the season.

GLEICHEN BRASS BAND CONCERT AND DANCE

The Gleichen Brass Band will put on a concert to be followed by a dance on Wednesday evening, November 4th.

The band is now being instructed by Mr. Herbert, conductor of the 50th Battalion Band of Calgary. Mr. Herbert is considered one of the best band conductors in Canada.

The Gleichen Band will have a programme for the occasion that they hope will do them credit for the short time they have been organized and will appear in the next issue of The Call.

HALLOWEEN DINNER OCT. 29th

On the 29th of October the ladies of the United Church Circle will serve a Halloween dinner in the Community Hall, from 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening. A good substantial meal will be served—one that will please everyone. Celebrate election day by having your dinner with us. A receiving set will be installed in the hall and you will get the results of the day's voting direct from the loud speaker. Adult's 65c. and children 35c.

W. C. Ulrich returned last week from a short business trip to Montana and says he is glad to get back as he finds everything much better in Gleichen district than in that state.

MINUTES OF BLACKFOOT M. D. MEETING

10th meeting 1925.

Minutes of the meeting of the Council of Blackfoot M. D. No. 218, held in the municipal office at Gleichen on Tuesday, October 13th, 1925 at 11 a.m.

Present: Reve Thorssen, Deputy-Reeve McBean and Councillors Rasmussen and Daw.

[The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed on motion of Deputy-Reeve McBean.

Consideration of the minutes was postponed to allow Mr. Wheeler, councillor and representative of Bow Valley M. D. No. 219, to address the council.]

Mr. Wheeler on being introduced briefly outlined the difficulties his municipality were having with the C. P. R. irrigation company over bridges and culverts on road allowances at points where the same are crossed by the irrigation canal. He stated the irrigation company insisted on placing several of these structures out of line with the road thereby effecting considerable saving to company regardless of inconvenience to the general public and that his council could get no redress in the matter from the company. Representatives from his council and delegates from some of the adjoining municipal districts together with Mr. J. C. Buckley, M. L. A., had interviewed Mr. Robertson, deputy minister of public works, at Edmonton on the 16th of September last. Mr. Robertson had promised to have the matter thoroughly investigated and to see that the provisions of Authorization 268 were complied with.

Mr. Wheeler further requested the co-operation of this council in such matters.

Coun. Daw: That we co-operate with Bow Valley M. D. No. 219 in circumstances of a similar nature.—Carried.

Councillor Rasmussen reported that the work on the road had not yet been completed.

Coun. McBean: That the accounts as o.k'd by the finance committee be paid.—Carried.

Coun. Rasmussen: That the following paysheets be passed and ordered paid:

Division 2 to be corrected.
Division 3 \$ 32.50
Division 4 \$ 82.80
Division 5 \$145.50
Division 6 \$ 419.50
Market road \$ 31.00
—Carried.

The road commissioner reported that he had been unable to come to an agreement with Mr. L. F. Pinkerton as to the amount of compensation due that party for a certain road diversion on the west side of the N. W. 28-23-23-4. The council looked into the matter.

Coun. McBean: That we pay Mr. L. F. Pinkerton the sum of \$35 as full compensation in connection with the road diversion on the west side of the N. W. 28-23-23-4.—Carried.

Coun. Daw: That we adjourn.—Carried.

Tonight Mr. Douglass and other speakers will address the electors in the Gleichen Community Hall and tomorrow night Mr. Garland will speak in the same hall.

C. R. Mitchell and W. Winning will speak at Cluny tonight in favor of Mr. Jesse Gouge.

AGENTS FOR—
Butterick Patterns
Empire Cleaning
A. M. Terrell Florist

Geo. Matthews, Ltd.

DELIVERIES—
10 and 11 A. M.
3 and 5 P. M.

VALUE WITH SERVICE

AGENT FOR— FLIESMANN YEAST, BUTTERICK, PATTERNS, EGG and POULTRY SERVICE

Bulk Dates, 2 pounds for	25c	Prunes, 5 pound pkt.	70c
World matches, 9 boxes for	\$1.00	Fresh shelled walnuts lb.	45c
Robin Hood Flour, 24s	\$1.40	Purity or Oglvie's flour	
Robin Hood Flour 49s	\$2.50	Wholesale price	\$4.25
Robin Hood Flour, 98s	\$4.95	Our price	\$4.55

SUGAR Wholesale price \$7.00 Our price \$7.70

SATURDAY SPECIALS

St. Charles milk, 7 for	\$1.00	Refuge beans, 2 for	35c
Libby's pork and beans, 2 for	25c	Quaker corn, 2 for	35c
Jams in glasses, to clear	25c	Tomatoes 4 for	65c
Graham waffers, wooden box	95c	Grapes per pound	25c
Seedless raisins 11 oz. pkt.	10c	K. B. Log. jam pail	80c
Mother's Tea per lb.	70c	Onions per cwt.	\$2.75

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

This will advise the citizens of Gleichen and surrounding district that we have disposed of an interest in our business to G. E. McCollough, of Webster Bros., Ltd., and Russell Matthews, of Geo. Matthews Limited.

Mr. McCollough will assume the management on November first.

GEO. MATTHEWS, Ltd.
per Geo. Matthews.

ANNOUNCEMENT



We now have the new Ford Cars on hand. As there will only be a limited number manufactured this fall anyone wishing one of the new models would be wise to call and place their order early, as all signed orders will be looked after first. Call and see the new models

Gleichen Motor Co.
FORD DEALERS

NOTICE

In the next issue of The Call this entire page will be used to give you particulars of a merchandising event the equal of which has never been known in Gleichen District.

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BARRE, SON OF KAZAN

by James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

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"BARRE, SON OF KAZAN," a Vitaphone Picture, With Wolf, the War Dog.
Is an Adaptation of This Story

SYNOPSIS

Barre, wandering in the woods, came upon Wakayoo, the black bear, and, fascinated, watched him knock fish out of the pool. He learned where Wakayoo cached his provisions, a discovery that solved the food problem for the young wolf-dog. One day he suddenly found himself face to face with Pierrot, the trapper, and his daughter, Nepeese, the Willow, who a few days before had shot and slightly wounded Barre, thinking him a wolf. Nepeese now pursued Barre, who concealed himself beneath a great boulder.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Nepeese sprang to her feet. She was panting—and laughing. Pierrot came back wildly, and the Willow pointed beyond him.

"I had him—and he didn't bite!" she said, bristling swiftly. She still pointed to the end of the canyon, and she said again: "I had him—and he didn't bite me, Nootaw!"

That was the wonder of it. She had been reckless—and Barre had not bitten her! It was then, with her eyes shining at Pierrot, and the smile fading slowly from her lips, that she spoke softly the word "Barre," which in her tongue meant "the wild dog"—a little brother of the wolf.

In and out among the rocks Barre sought swiftly for a way of escape. In a moment more he had come to the "box," or cup of the canyon. This was a break in the wall, fifty or sixty feet wide, which opened into a natural prison about an acre in extent. It was a beautiful spot. On all sides but that leading into the coupe it was shut in by walls of rock. At the far end a waterfall broke down in a series of rippling cascades. The grass was thick underfoot, and strewn with flowers. In this trap Pierrot had got more than one fine haunch of venison. From it there was no escape, except in the face of his rifle. He called to Nepeese as he saw Barre entering it, and together they climbed the slope.

Barre had almost reached the edge of the little prison-meadow when suddenly he stopped himself so quickly that he fell back on his haunches, and his heart jumped up into his throat.

Full in his path stood Wakayoo, the huge black bear!

Barre darted to one side and ran for the open meadow. Wakayoo did

not stir as Barre sped past him—no more than if he had been a bird or rabbit. Then came another breath of air, heavy with the scent of man. This, at last, put life into him. He turned and began lumbering after Barre into the meadow trap. Barre, looking back, saw him coming—and thought it was pursuit. Nepeese and Pierrot came over the slope, and at the same instant they saw both Wakayoo and Barre.

Where they entered into the grassy dip under the rock walls, Barre turned sharply to the right. There was a great boulder, one end of it tilted up off the earth. It looked like a splendid hiding place, and Barre crawled under it.

But Wakayoo kept straight ahead into the meadow.

From where he lay Barre could see what happened. Scarcely had he crawled under the rock when Nepeese and Pierrot appeared through the break in the dip, and stopped. The fact that they stopped thrilled Barre. They were afraid of Wakayoo! The big bear was two-thirds of the way across the meadow. The sun fell on him, so that his coat shone like black satin. Pierrot stared at him for a moment. Pierrot did not kill for the love of killing. Necessity made him a conservationist. But he saw that in spite of the lateness of the season, Wakayoo's coat was splendid—and he raised his rifle.

Barre saw this action. He saw, a moment later, something spit from the end of the gun, and then he heard that deafening crash that had come with his own hurt, when the Willow's bullet had burned through his flesh. He turned his eyes swiftly to Wakayoo. The big bear had stumbled; he was on his knees; and then he struggled up and lumbered on.

The roar of the rifle came again, and a second time Wakayoo went down. Pierrot could not miss at that distance. Wakayoo made a splendid mark. It was slaughter; yet for Pierrot and Nepeese it was business—the business of life.

Barre was shivering. It was more from excitement than fear, for he had lost his own fear in the tragedy of these moments. A low whine rose in his throat as he looked at Wakayoo, who had risen again and faced his enemies—his jaws gaping, his head swinging slowly, his legs weakening under him as the blood poured through his torn lungs. Barre whined—because Wakayoo had fished for him, because he had come to look on him as a friend, and because he knew it was death that Wakayoo was facing now. There was a third shot—the last. Wakayoo sank down in his tracks. His big head dropped between his forepaws. A racking cough or two came to Barre. And then there was silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

As Nepeese gazed about the rock-walled end of the canyon, the prison into which they had driven Wakayoo and Barre, Pierrot looked up again from his skinning of the big black bear, and he uttered something that no one but himself could have heard. "Non, it is not possible," he had said a moment before; but to Nepeese it was possible—the thought that was in her mind. It was a wonderful thought. It thrilled her to the depth of her wild, beautiful soul. It sent a glow into her eyes and a deeper flush of excitement into her cheeks and lips.

As she questioned the ragged edges of the little meadow for signs of the dog-pup, her thoughts flashed back swiftly. Two years ago they had buried her princess mother under the tall spruce near their cabin. That day Pierrot's sun had set for all time, and her own life was filled with a vast loneliness. There had been three at the graveside that afternoon as the sun went down—Pierrot, herself and a dog, a great, powerful husky with a white star on his breast and a white-tipped ear. He

had been her dead mother's pet from puppyhood—her bodyguard, with her always, even with his head resting on the side of her bed as she died. And that night, the night of the day they buried her, the dog had disappeared. He had gone as quietly and as completely as her spirit. No one ever saw him after that. It was strange, and to Pierrot it was a miracle. Deep in his heart he was filled with the wonderful conviction that the dog had gone with his beloved Wyola into heaven.

But Nepeese had spent three winters at the Missioner's school at Nelson House. She had learned a great deal about white people and the real dog, and she knew that Pierrot's thought was impossible. She believed that her mother's husky was either dead or had joined the wolves. Probably he had gone to the wolves. So—was it not possible that this younger sister and her father had pursued was of the flesh and blood of her mother's pet? It was more than possible.

Barre had not moved an inch from under his rock. He lay like a thing stunned, his eyes fixed steadily on the scene of the tragedy out in the meadow.

Barre wanted to approach. It was like an invisible string tugging at his very heart. At was Kazan, and not Gray Wolf, calling to him back through the centuries, a "call" that was as old as the Egyptian pyramids and perhaps ten thousand years older. But against that desire Gray Wolf was pulling from out the black ages of the forests. The wolf held him quiet and motionless. Nepeese was looking about her. She was smiling. For a moment her face was turned toward him, and he saw the white shine of her teeth, and her beautiful eyes seemed glowing straight at him.

And then, suddenly, she dropped on her knees and peered under the rock. Their eyes met. For at least half a minute there was not a sound. Nepeese did not move, and her breath came so softly that Barre could not hear it.

Then she said, almost in a whisper: "Barre! Barre! Upi Barre!"

It was the first time Barre had heard his name, and there was something so soft and assuring in the sound of it that in spite of himself the dog in him responded to it in a whimper that just reached the Willow's ears. Slowly she stretched in an arm. "It was bare and round and soft. He might have darted forward the length of his body and buried his face in it. But something held him back. He knew that it was not an enemy; he knew that the dark eyes shining at him so wonderfully were not filled with the desire to harm—and the voice that came to him softly was like a strange and thrilling music.

"Barre! Barre! Upi Barre!" Over and over again the Willow called to him like that, while on her face she tried to draw herself a few inches farther under the rock. She could not reach him. There was still a foot between her hand and Barre, and she could not wedge herself in an inch more. And then she saw where on the other side of the rock there was a hollow, shut in by a stone. It she had removed the stone, and come in that way—

She drew herself out and stood once more in the sunshine. Her heart thrilled. Pierrot was busy over his bear—and she would not call him, she made an effort to move the stone which closed in the hollow under the big boulder, but it was wedged in tightly. Then she began digging with a stick.

Five minutes—and Nepeese could move the stone. She tugged at it. Inch by inch she dragged it out until at last it lay at her feet and the opening was ready for her body. She looked again toward Pierrot. He was still busy, and she laughed softly as she untied a big red-and-white Bay handkerchief from about her shoulders. With this she would secure Barre. She dropped on her hands and knees and then lowered herself flat on the ground and began crawling into the hollow under the boulder.

Barre had moved. With the back of his head flattened against the rock he heard something which Nepeese had not heard; he had felt a slow and growing pressure, and from this pressure he had dragged himself slowly—and the pressure still followed. The mass of rock was settling! Nepeese did not see or hear or understand. She was calling to him more and more pleadingly: "Barre—Barre—Barre—"

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Her head and shoulders and both arms were under the rock now. The glow of her eyes was very close to Barre. He whined. The thrill of a great and impending danger stirred in his blood. And then—

In that moment Nepeese felt the pressure of the rock on her shoulder, and into the eyes that had been glowing softly at Barre there shot a sudden wild look of horror. And then there came from her lips a cry that was not like any other sound Barre had ever heard in the wilderness—wild, piercing, filled with agonized fear. Pierrot did not hear that first cry. But he heard the second and the third—and then scream after scream as the Willow's tender body was slowly crushed under the settling mass. He ran toward it with the speed of the wind. The cries were weaker—dying away. He saw Barre as he came out from under the rock and ran into the chasm, and in the same instant he saw a part of the Willow's dress and her moaning feet. The rest of her was hidden under the death trap. Like a madman Pierrot began digging. When a few moments later he drew Nepeese out from under the boulder she was white and deathly still. Her eyes were closed. His hand could not feel that she was living, and a great moan of anguish rose out of his soul. But he knew how to fight for a life. He tore open her dress and found that she was not crushed as he had feared. Then he ran for water. When he returned, the Willow's eyes were open and she was gasping for breath.

"The blessed saints be praised!" sobbed Pierrot, falling on his knees at her side. "Nepeese, ma Nepeese!"

CHAPTER IX.

Impelled by the wild alarm of the Willow's terrible cries and the sight of Pierrot dashing madly toward him from the dead body of Wakayoo, Barre did not stop running until it seemed as though his lungs could not draw another breath. When he stopped, he was well out of the canyon and headed for the beaver pond.

Exactly wherein lay Barre's fears it would be difficult to say—but surely it was not because of Nepeese. The Willow had chased him hard. She had flung herself upon him. He had felt the clutch of her hands and the smother of her soft hair, and yet of her he was not afraid! If he stopped now and then in his flight and looked back, it was to see if Nepeese was following. He would not have run hard from her—alone. Her eyes and voice and hands had set something stirring in him; he was filled with a greater yearning and a greater loneliness now—and that night he dreamed troubled dreams.

Barre was glad when the dawn came. He did not seek for food, but went down to the pond. There was little hope and anticipation in his manner now. He remembered that, as plainly as animal ways could talk, Umisk and his playmates had told him they wanted nothing to do with him. And yet the fact that they were there took away from his loneliness. It was more than loneliness. The wolf in him was submerged. The dog was master.


In one of the larger canals Barre surprised a big beaver towing a four-foot cutting of birch as thick through as a man's leg—half a dozen breakfasts and dinners and suppers in that one cargo. The four or five inner barks of the birch are what might be called the bread and butter and potatoes of the beaver menu, while the more highly prized barks of the willow and young alder take the place of meat and pie.

Barre smelled curiously of the birch cutting after the old beaver had abandoned it in flight, and then went on. He did not try to hide himself now, and at least half a dozen beavers had a good look at him before he came to the point where the pond narrowed down to the width of the stream, almost half a mile from the dam. Then he wandered back. All that morning he hovered about the pond, showed himself openly.

In their big mud-and-stick strongholds the beavers held a council of war. They were distinctly puzzled.

It may be that the beavers discussed the matter fully among themselves. It is possible that Umisk and his playmates told their parents of their adventures, and of how Barre made no move to harm them when he could quite easily have caught them. It is also more than likely that the old beavers who had fled from Barre that morning gave an account of their adventures, again emphasizing the fact that the stranger, while frightening them, had shown no disposition to attack them. All this is quite possible, for if beavers can make a large part of a continent's history, and can perform engineering feats that nothing less than dynamite can destroy, it is only reasonable to suppose that they have some way of making one another understand.

However this may be, courageous



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old Beaver-tooth took it upon himself to end the suspense.

It was early in the afternoon that for the third or fourth time Barre walked out on the dam. This dam was fully two hundred feet in length, but at no point did the water run over it, the overflow finding its way through narrow sluices. A week or two ago Barre could have crossed to the opposite side of the pond on this dam, but now—at the far end—Beaver-tooth and his engineers were adding a new section of dam, and in order to accomplish their work more easily, they had flooded fully fifty yards of the low ground on which they were working. The main dam held a fascination for Barre. It was strong with the smell of beaver. The top of it was high and dry, and there were dozens of smooth-worn little hollows in which the beavers had taken their sun-baths. In one of these hollows Barre stretched himself out, with his eyes on the pond. Not a ripple stirred its velvety smoothness. Not a sound broke the drowsy stillness of the afternoon. The beavers might have been dead or asleep, for all the stir they made. And yet they knew that Barre was on the dam. Where he lay, the sun fell in a warm flood, and it was so comfortable that after a time he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open to watch the pond. Then he fell asleep.

Just how Beaver-tooth sensed this fact is a mystery. Five minutes later he came up quietly, without a splash or a sound, within fifty yards of Barre. For a few moments he scarcely moved in the water. Then he swam very slowly parallel with the dam across the pond. At the other side he drew himself ashore, and for another minute sat as motionless as a stone, with his eyes on that part of the dam where Barre was lying.

A few yards away Barre was almost hidden in his hollow, only the top of his shiny black body appearing to Beaver-tooth's scrutiny. To get a better look, the old beaver spread his flat tail out beyond him and rose to a sitting posture on his hind-quarters, his two front paws held squirrel-like over his breast. In this pose he was fully three feet tall. He probably weighed forty pounds, and in some ways he resembled one of those fat, good-natured, silly-looking dogs that go largely to stomach. But his brain was working with amazing celerity. Suddenly he gave the hard mud of the dam a single rap with his tail—and Barre sat up. Instantly he saw Beaver-tooth, and stared. Beaver-tooth stared. For a full half-minute neither moved the thousandth part of an inch. Then Barre stood up and wagged his tail.

That was enough. Dropping to his fore-feet, Beaver-tooth waddled leisurely to the edge of the dam and dived over. He was neither cautious nor in very great haste now. He made a great commotion in the water and swam boldly back and forth under Barre. When he had done this several times, he cut straight up the pond to the largest of the three houses and disappeared. Five minutes after Beaver-tooth's exploit, word was passing quickly among the colony. The stranger—Barre—was not a lynx. He was not a fox. He was not a wolf. Moreover, he was very young—and harmless.

(To be continued)

No man ever becomes too shiftless to give advice.



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Nurses Use English At World Meeting

Chosen As Official Language at Congress in Helsinki, Finland
Although nearly every country in the world was represented at the fifth congress of the International Council of Nurses, held in Helsinki, Finland, in July, English was chosen as the official language. Miss Beatrice Ellis, superintendent of nurses at the Toronto Western Hospital, and the assistant superintendent, Miss Ida McAfee, who attended the congress, referred to the remarkable fluency of the majority of the delegates in English as well as other languages. China's representative was able to present her reports and suggestions in excellent English, but the charming Japanese official delegate had to use an interpreter.

Finnish nurses during the year preceding the congress gave up many of their leisure hours to the study of English in order that they might be properly equipped for an international convention. Miss Ellis praised highly the committee responsible for all the arrangement of the congress week, and declared that she was much impressed with the wonderful organization of the Finnish nurses.

Canada's delegates occupied an important place on the programme, and the exhibits of books, slides and equipment from the Dominion, in the opinion of Miss Ellis, were second to none. In matters of nurses' training schools, hospital administration and public health work also, Canada was well to the forefront. Miss Jean Browne, president of the Canadian Nurses' Association, who had the honor of welcoming France into the council, referred to the fact that nursing was first introduced into Canada by French women.

Five new countries were accepted into the council, and China was decided upon as the meeting place in 1929. Of the 1,049 delegates registered, 52 were from Canada.

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in, the pain comes out and there are ample grounds for saying that it is an excellent article.

Created Job For Himself

Man Enjoys Comfortable Living Watching Parked Automobiles

A man after well-nigh losing heart in vain efforts to find work at his trade, "made" a new job for himself by way of the motor car. Because they interested him, he got into the way of loitering about a quiet side street where the police allowed motor cars to be parked for indefinite periods. From instinctively "shooting-off" meddlesome youngsters he passed by degrees to "standing by" cars, at the request of their owners in return for a small fee. He soon became the recognized custodian of the "park," was issued with a police armband, and now renders a surprising variety of little services to his patrons, who are glad to know that there is a reliable man always on guard. His earnings fluctuate considerably, of course, but occasionally he has a real stroke of luck, as when a lady driver rewarded him with a fat tip for adjusting a loose cable that had put her headlamps out of action.

Something To Consider

Good Service Is Right That Public Will Demand

The interest of the consuming public is the last thing which either side considers; but the day will surely come when it will have to be one of the first, for, after all, the public holds the whip hand if it cares to assert itself. It is all a question of service. The continual disturbances in the coal industry are having the effect of greatly changing preconceived ideas of fuel economy. Strikes and lockouts are weapons for killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. Soonest or later employers and employees will be brought to understand this.—Hamilton Spectator.

Minard's Liniment used by physicians

Birmingham, England, is one of the greatest industrial cities because each week there is made there 14,000,000 pens, ten tons of pipe, 6,000 metal beds, 7,000 tons of rifles and other articles.

Worms sap up the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

Josephine (reading conclusion of long letter): "Then I will come home and marry the sweetest little girl on earth."

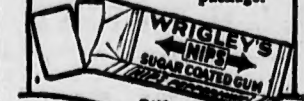
Juliet: "What a mean trick! After being engaged to you."

Minard's Liniment for Distemper



WRIGLEY'S
AFTER EVERY MEAL
THE FLAVOR LASTS

Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEY'S is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.



New Channel Plane Carries Restaurant

Passengers From London to Paris Have Hot Meals

The latest addition to the air service between London and Paris is a new giant plane capable of carrying 30 passengers and equipped with a restaurant. A steward will be in attendance at all times during voyages to serve hot meals to the passengers. Another machine now under construction in London for the Constantinople aerial route will be a winged-copy of the modern railway sleeper having berths and dressing rooms.

MANY MOTHERS RECOMMEND THEM

Baby's Own Tablets Are Fine For Nervous, Sleepless Children

From Canada the fame of Baby's Own Tablets is spreading over the world. Mothers recommend them to other mothers and wherever they are tried nothing but words of praise are heard for these pleasant tasting little tablets that promptly relieve the minor ailments of young children.

"Baby's Own Tablets are one of the best remedies for children's ailments I have ever used," says Mrs. Arthur T. Allen, of Auburn, Me. "My little girl was nervous and could not sleep. I tried the tablets and she was relieved at once. She was also troubled with constipation and nothing seemed to help her. I had used the tablets but a short time before her bowels were regular. All mothers should keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house for they are a valuable remedy." Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents per box, by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. A little booklet, "Care of the Baby in Health and Sickness," will be sent free to any mother on request.

Potato Crop Less

The U. S. department of agriculture estimates the combined potato crop of Canada and the United States at 125,000,000 bushels below that of last year. On the other hand potato production in Europe is estimated at 18,000,000 bushels more than that of 1924, and of Tunis at 24,000,000 bushels more than for 1924.

A fountain pen is more apt to leak when it is almost empty because the heat of the hand causes the air inside to expand, tending to force out the ink.



Saves \$24 A Year

Cooking experts figure that the SMP Enamelled Ware Roaster will save the average Canadian family fully \$24.00 a year in meat bills. The secret is, it roasts the meat with very little shrinkage. Also, it makes cheap cuts taste like the best ones.

You place the roast in the roaster, put on the cover; the roaster does the rest. No basting required. Every roast is perfectly cooked.

The cover fits close, so that cooking odors cannot escape. Grease can't splutter out, which means a sweet clean oven. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$15.00 each, depending on size and finish—and don't forget the saving of \$24.00 yearly.

SMP
Enamelled Ware
ROASTERS

PAINS IN LEFT SIDE AND BACK

Other Troubles Women Often Have Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lachine, Quebec.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my left side and back, and with weakness and other troubles women so often have. I was this way about six months. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Montreal Standard' and I have taken four bottles of it. I was a very sick woman and I feel so much better I would not be without it. I also use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I recommend the medicines to my friends and I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. M. W. ROSE, 680 Notre Dame Street, Lachine, Quebec.

Doctor Said an Operation

Provost, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. ADAMS, Box 54, Provost, Alberta. C

JOHN BOYD, L.L.B.
Barrister Solicitor
and Notary Public
GLEICHEN, ALBERTA
(SUCCESSOR TO R. S. CORRY)
W. W. MacDONALD, L.L.B.
BARRISTER-AT-LAW
ARROWOOD, ALBERTA
Collections a specialty.
Debts, Loans, Insurance, Bail, Fire
and Life.
INVESTMENTS — FARM LANDS

DR. L. H. WRIGHT
—DENTIST—
STANDARD EVERY FRIDAY
GLEICHEN — ALBERTA
PHONE 49 OFFICE
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DR. A. W. BOWLES
M.B.C.E. M.C.P.S. ALTA.
Physician
and Surgeon
Phone Office 41, Residence 48
GLEICHEN

GLEICHEN HOSPITAL
MR. A. V. COCKS, R.N.
(Registered in the Provinces of
Saskatchewan and Alberta.)
Nurse in Charge
VISITING HOURS:
8 to 4 P.M. — and — 7 to 8 P.M.
P.O. BOX 141
PHONE 26 — DAY OR NIGHT

Miss E. Frankton
TRAINED MATERNITY
NURSE
JOB APPOINTMENT
See 70 Phone 104 Gleichen

TOWN OF GLEICHEN
OFFICE HOURS
9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and
2:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m. Daily
Council meeting Fourth Friday of
each month at 8 p.m.
This office will be closed as follows:
Sundays, Statutory Holidays and the
last fortnight of July each year.
—ALSO—
First two legal working days of each
month for meter reading and first two
legal working days following the
15th of month for collections, etc.
PETER MACLEAN,
Secretary Treasurer.

O. J. CANTELON
Well Drilling Contractor
EVERYTHING FURNISHED
ENGINES, WINDMILLS, PUMPS
AND WELL SUPPLIES
GLEICHEN, — — ALBERTA

T. H. Beach
Auctioneer
Sales Conducted any place
in the Province
FOR TERMS
Enquire at Gleichen Harness Store.
Office phone 3 Residence phone 3

NOTICE
Trained & Licensed, Barristers, Uni-
versity, have opened a branch office at
Gleichen and will be there every Satur-
day at the City Hotel.

HARDWICK BROS
Range, Snake Valley

Owners of all cattle branded:
left ribs left right
and hip ribs
Horn branded right hip
DI
GLEICHEN — ALBERTA

THE GLEICHEN CALL

W. PARK EVANS, PROPRIETOR
Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association
Member of the Alberta Press Association

Published every Wednesday in the Heart of a Wonderfully Rich Farming
and Ranching District.
SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 per Year; Foreign Countries \$2.50
Advertising Rates—Display, 50c. per Column Inch first insertion; and 35c.
for each subsequent insertion. Reading matter accepted only with
display advertising at 15 cents per line—12 lines to the inch.
EXCHANGE MUST BE ADDED TO ALL CHECKS

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY

LOOKING AHEAD

Ever since this paper was started in Gleichen articles have appeared in these columns periodically drawing attention of our readers to the advisability and sound business principal of dealing at home and patronising as far as possible, home merchants.

Just the other day we were having a little chat with a local citizen when this question entered into the conversation. During the visit our friend remarked: "Would it not be fine if everybody in this town got the habit of boosting for the other fellow. What I mean" he continued "is the mechanic would boost the merchant, the merchant boost the blacksmith, the blacksmith boost the clothier, the clothier boost the grocer, he grocer boost the butcher, the butcher boost the cobbler, the cobbler boost the plumber, the plumber boost the doctor, the doctor boost the lawyer, the lawyer boost the council, the council boost the school board, the school board boost the teachers, the teachers boost the paper and the paper boost the whole cheese."

What our friend meant by "boost", was simply help. All working together for the general good of the town. More of the spirit of the Jolly Musketeers: "All for one and one for all."

It cannot be questioned that our friend is on the right track and that it is just that spirit which is needed in Gleichen right now more than anything. Nor can it be denied that if that spirit existed to the extent of 100 per cent. this town could be made one of the best, and its people more contented and prosperous right now under existing conditions.

We are informed that today none need be idle in Gleichen. If all the money earned in this town—or even a reasonable proportion of it—were spent here, how different would be the outlook. With this money in circulation in local channels, a fair share of it would find its way to the town coffers in the shape of taxes. This in turn would be used for local improvements the betterment of school facilities and proper attention to scores of little things, which count so much in building up of any community; little things which are now apparently overlooked or too small to be considered in the imaginary reaching out for big things which are always in the future and which never materialize.

Our friend remarked that one avenue through which much of the money which should be spent here, was finding its way out of town, was the desire of our young people to get amusement during their leisure hours. To get this they go to other places and spend their money there.

There is no doubt there is a great lack of the community spirit here at the present time.

THE DECLINE IN MARRIAGES

Anything that strikes at the home is a menace alike to national prosperity and to civilization. The decline in marriages, which is so marked in Britain, is more or less noticeable even in Canada. The why of it is dealt with in a recent article in a London paper.

It is ascribed, there, to the better times the girls of today have than their mothers in their days, to the many careers open to them in which they earn their way and enjoy their ease and independence. With untrammelled opportunities of flirtation, of which many of them take full advantage, they acquire expensive tastes and indulgence of which affects not only their own view of marriage but that of the men with whom they flirt, also.

The old ideas of affection as the true basis of marriage is out of date. Only the very common people continue to look at it in that way. Girls want to marry some one who can continue to give them "as good or a better time" than they had while single. The thought of making a home, where they and their husbands and children, if they are blessed with them, can enjoy each other and live their lives at their best is the farthest thing from their thoughts. The popular idea of birth control have superseded all old-fashioned notions about children; that have come to be regarded as an encumbrance, or at best a luxury to be indulged in only by those who can afford to have them.

So as the supply of marriageable men of assured wealth and position diminishes, the marriage and birth rates decline together, except among those who live on a plane and scale but little above that of the domestic animals.

Arrangements for the taking over of the provincial government poultry marketing plant by the provincial poultry pool are under way between the officials of the pool and the minister of agriculture. This service has been in operation for some years and has formed a substantial nucleus for the new pool.

W. R. McKIE
DISTRICT
REPRESENTATIVE FOR
SINGER
SEWING
MACHINE
COMPANY
—and—
HEINTZMAN
PIANO
COMPANY.

It pays to get the best value
and avoid regrets.
Phone 128 — — Gleichen

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NOTARIES
136 A Eighth Ave. East,
Telephone M2225, Calgary, Alberta
Branch Office, — — — — —
Cluny Alberta
(Over Cluny Drug Store) Phone 17
Every Saturday 9 a.m. to 4:15 p.m.

Travelling in a five-passenger
1926 improved model Ford touring
car from Halifax to Vancouver, J. L.
S. Scrymgeour and E. Flickinger are
performing a feat unique in the annals
of motor travel in this country.
From Franz, near Sault Ste. Marie,
they travelled on the tracks of the
Algoma Railroad to Fort William,
having been granted the use of the
lines by the Canadian Pacific Rail-
way. The whole run of about 4,500
miles took nearly eight weeks, and
a series of still and moving pictures
were taken en route to commemorate
the adventure.

It is expected that when Hon.
Honore Mercier, Minister of Lands
and Forests, returns to Canada, a
thorough organization of the avia-
tion branch of the Quebec Lands
and Forests Department will take
place. It is reported that the Pro-
vince is to purchase several more
hydroplanes, to be used for forestry
research work, as well as for com-
bating forest fires and other work.

Church dignitaries, statesmen and
thousands of laymen congregated in
ancient Quebec to be present at the
wonderfully impressive ceremonies
attendant upon the burial of the
late Cardinal Beign. The Basilica,
which has only recently been re-
constructed and opened to the pub-
lic, presented a scene of colorful
beauty and majestic dignity while
the profoundly sorrowful services
were being recited.

Man's happiness is largely in pro-
portion to the distance he lives from
his distant relatives.

Beware of "Pedlars" and People You Do Not Know!
WHEN
YOU
WANT
THEM
YOU CAN'T
FIND THEM
LET THEM
GET THEIR
"Experience"
ON SOME
ONE ELSE
OUR 20-YEAR'S EXPERIENCE, and REPUTATION is sitting over
15,000 PEOPLE is at your disposal. WHY TAKE CHANCES?
Bering-Groze
OPTOMETRISTS
Make Good Glasses
806 First St. West M1850
Alberta Corner.
CALGARY, — ALBERTA
YOUR EYES
ARE TOO
VALUABLE
TO BE
"Practiced" ON.
EXACT
TESTING
CANNOT BE
DONE
EXCEPT IN
A PROPERLY
Equipped Office

HENDERSON & MALLORY

Owing to the frequency of Farm Fires, the at-
tention of Farmers is especially drawn to the very low
rates charged for insurance of grain whilst stored in
barns or granaries. The result of a year's work is
often swept away in an hour, and every farmer should
protect himself by carrying a policy with
HENDERSON & MALLORY
Threshed Grain in granaries or barns may be written to
100 Per Cent. of Value.

THIS WINTER
Canadian Pacific
Rail - Steamship
to the
OLD COUNTRY
XMAS. SAILINGS

DEC. 5 MONTROSE Liverpool
DEC. 10 ELITA Cherbourg-Southampton-Antwerp
DEC. 11 ETAGAMA Greenock (Glasgow) Liverpool
DEC. 16 ONTCLARE Liverpool
DEC. 23 ONTNAIRN Greenock (Glasgow) Liverpool

SPECIAL TRAIN TO SHIP'S SIDE AT W. SAINT JOHN
From Winnipeg 10.00 a.m. Dec 5 and 13 connecting with S.
S. Metagama and S. S. Montclair.

THROUGH SLEEPERS FOR OTHER SAILINGS

EARLY BOOKING INSURES CHOICE ACCOMMODATION

for full information and reservations ask any agent of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC



MR. JESSE GOUGE
LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR BOW RIVER CONSTITUENCY

In this election the victor-
must be either
Mr. King or
Mr. Meichen
**NO OTHER RESULT IS
POSSIBLE**

A vote for Jesse Gouge
is a vote for:
economy,
lower taxes,
including tariff taxes,
freight rates control and
an honest grain exchange

Mr. Garland would not be
friendly to either government
that can be elected. A vote for
Mr. Garland is half a vote for
Mr. Meighen. Make your vote
count for your policies by vot-
ing for

JESSE GOUGE.

UNTIL
—FURTHER NOTICE—

3 Loaves
BROWN'S
HOME
MADE
BREAD
For 25c.

The Peoples'
Bakery

R. W. BROWN, Proprietor

ROY M. ALLEN

Licensed Auctioneer

—and Valuator

Will Sell anything You have
or own

Phone Rural, M10.

CLUNY P.O., — ALBERTA

GEO. W. EVANS

Undertaking

And Embalming

MOTOR HEARSE

Artificial wreaths always on
hand. Weather extremes
will not effect these flowers
in any way.
GLEICHEN, ALTA.

Here and There

It is understood a Scottish syndicate has purchased sixteen acres of land adjoining the best residential section of Vancouver, B.C., and will erect one hundred residences there.

Although only three years old the Oliver district of British Columbia has already become noted for its production of very fine cantaloupes. This year the production is expected to be about 25 to 26 carloads.

The 1,250,000-bushel Government Terminal grain elevator being built at Prince Rupert, B.C., will be completed by November 1st, when a test shipment of ten carloads of grain will be made through it.

Notification has been received by the Hon. John S. Martin, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, that his showing of white Wyandottes at the New York State Fair at Syracuse, had captured the trophy for the best display for the twentieth consecutive year.

By a recent Order-in-Council of the Lieutenant-Governor, premiums for clearing land, which had previously been set at \$6 an acre, were increased to \$8. The Order also provides that the premium will be paid for a maximum of twenty acres of land and, as a result of it, a settler may obtain a grant of \$160 from the Government as a reward for his work.

Considerable progress has been made during the past few years by R. M. Palmer, at Cowichan Bay, B.C., in the cultivation and propagation of new species of gladioli. In his garden, Mr. Palmer has at present growing about 150 different varieties, bulbs having been secured from all parts of the world, even Central Africa contributing its quota to this wonderful collection.

Having completed their tour of Canada as the guests of E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the ten British journalists left Canada early in October for England, to relate there the story of their experiences and to give their readers the impressions they have gained of the Dominion.

During the month of August 1,132 vessels, comprising 131 trans-Atlantic, 35 coasting and 966 inland steamers, entered the port of Montreal, these having a total net registered tonnage of 1,981,945, while in the same period 1,141 vessels went out, these representing 1,932,145 net registered tons. Since the opening of navigation 757 ocean-going vessels, representing 3,468,965 net tons, have entered the port, as compared with only 649, representing 2,280,072 net tons last year; these figures being up to the midnight of September 5th.

F. F. Norcross, a well-known Chicago lawyer, had an amusing experience recently while staying at the Banff Springs Hotel and playing on the golf course there. His approach to the ninth hole was disrupted by a huge bull elk which tossed its antlers and stood pawing the ground with evident hostility as the lawyer prepared to play his ball. Mr. Norcross was about to observe the better part of valor when the bull's attention was distracted by the appearance of a cow elk which made an effective substitute for the golfer and both animals disappeared into the neighboring bush.

The world's most northerly police post, also the most remote of any human habitation, is to be constructed next year for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at the far end of Ellesmere Island. Building materials and two years' supplies will be cached within easy freight-lifting distance of the point where men will be detailed for patrol duty on the lonely shores of Riel straits.

Appointments recently made through the office of the Comptroller Canadian Pacific Railway headquarters are W. J. Cherry who becomes Freight Claims Auditor in place of J. R. Steele retired under pension rules, and W. L. Moran appointed Assistant Freight Claims Auditor. Both these gentlemen have been connected with the Freight Claims department for many years past.

Because the prospects for hunting and fishing in northern regions of Quebec are more attractive this autumn than they have been for several seasons, the number of residents of the United States applying to the Quebec association for the protection of fish and game for guides and licences is much greater than it has been for some time, according to the secretary of the association.

A very pleasing incident occurred during the visit to Montreal of Madame Maria Jeritza, world-famous operatic star. Col. George H. Ham, "Grand Young Man" of the Canadian Pacific Railway who had met the singer before, sent his felicitations in the form of a bouquet, and Madame Jeritza replied with a bouquet of roses made of sugar with the hope that his days also would be sugar-coated. She gave a one-night recital in Montreal, leaving for Toronto the following day.

Isaac Gouverneur Ogden, vice-president in charge of finance, Canadian Pacific Railway, attained his 81st birthday October 10. Mr. Ogden is as active as ever although he has spent 54 years in railway work. He joined the C.P.R. as auditor of the western division with headquarters at Winnipeg in 1881 and has been vice-president of the system since 1901. Mr. Ogden was the recipient of flowers and congratulations from his colleagues on the occasion of his birthday.

Carelessness and lack of forethought on the part of some unknown motorist at Belleville might have led to serious accidents if it had not been soon discovered that the wig-wag signal protecting the C.P.R. level crossing on the Kingston Road was out of order. Investigation showed that an automobile had driven out of its course and broken the relay case thereby cutting the electrical contact. A watchman was immediately placed at the signal until necessary repairs had been made.

The Montreal Windsor street station police team are the champions of the Quebec district in the First Aid contests held at the Place Viger hotel in that city under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They won the contest against teams from Ottawa and Quebec and are now holders of the Gutelius Challenge Cup, emblematic of the C.P.R. First Aid championship of the province. The championship of the New Brunswick district was won by the McAdam team who competed against Saint John and Woodstock.

Every salesman who secured your name on the dotted line left you with a job on your hands.

The goods he put on your shelves must move off again before your profit is reaped. Quick turnover is the key to quick profits. NOW!.....How soon will you resell your stock?

An intelligent use of ADVERTISING will prove to be the best possible means of keeping these goods moving. ADVERTISING is a printed salesman of proven ability. Brighten up your store windows, show your goods attractively and ADVERTISE in The Gleichen Call. You will find that the buying public of this community appreciates the "shopping news" in your advertisements each week.

!!! Shop Where You Are Invited To Shop !!!

Extraordinary Offering of Seasonable Merchandise for Fall Selling

RAMSAY'S MERCANTILE Ltd, - GLEICHEN

Flannellettes and Flannellette Blankets

50 pairs of fine flannellette bed blankets, size 58x72. Priced per pair \$2.25
Double bed size, per pair \$2.50
300 yards of fine fleecy white flannellette, 27 inch. Special per yard 22½c
Heavy Swadown English Flannellette, reg. 55c quality, 36 inch, an elegant cloth, special per yard 45c
Heavy stripped flannellettes, full 36 in. width, special Oct. offering per yd. 30c
Stripped flannellettes, 27 inch special per yard 22½c

Pillows and Comforters

Five bales sateen covered bed quilts equal to any \$6.50 quilt on the market. A great interesting special. See them at only each \$4.95
Pure feather pillows with feather ticking tops. Special per pair \$2.50

Men's Wear Values

Notwithstanding values in men's wear that defy mail order competition.

Heavy F. lined, mottled pattern, combination underwear for men, sizes 36 to 44. Special per suit \$2.15

Men's soft tanned horse hide gloves with a good warm lining. Our prize pair 75c

Men's warm leather mitts, knitted cuffs, and heavy lining. Special per pair 60c

A wonderful range of men's heavy horse mitts in two special quotations at per pair \$1.25 and \$1.50

Men's heavy pure wool flannel shirts, our big booster for fall 1925. Special per garment, in khaki or grey \$1.75

Men's overhauls from per pr. \$2 to \$2.75

Men's separate pants, two cases direct from Crown Pant Co., Canada's largest pant manufacturers, priced from \$2.75 up

Big stock of men's wool sweaters. READ THIS. Our leader a heavy rope yarn sweater, which you are usually asked to pay \$6.50. Our price a garment \$4.50

Fall Effects in Draperies

15 webs fancy satineens in beautiful designs at per yard 35c

No. 1 selection of draperies, 36 in widths, our fall 1925 price per yard 32½c

English cretonnes, in superior designs, and extra quality cloth, 36 in per yd. 75c

Towels and Toweling

Our towel values lead all comers. We centralize our towels around a few quotations and they are choice.

Cold Turkish towel pair 50c., 65c. and 85c

White towels pair 95c., \$1.15, and \$1.40

Cold Turkish toweling regular 25c to 30c quality special 4½ yards \$1.00

Beautiful Huckabuck toweling, white 27 in. width, usually sold in city stores at 45c and 50c yd. Our price per yd. 35c

MISSES AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Fall underwear for the kiddies. See what Ramsay's can do for you before you send your cash to Eaton's.

See our girls combinations starting in a fall quotation of per suit \$1.45

Also heavy natural winter weights, up to sixteen years. Per garment \$1.65

Splendid selection of baby's fall underwear in vests and slips 65c., 85c. to \$1.25

Boys heavy and warm fleece lined combinations up to size 32. The white heavy fleece, a dandy, our price per garment \$1.65

HOSIERY FOR FALL 1925

Boys heavy rib wool stockings, size 7½ to 10. Special per pair 50c to 65c

Boys heavy rib Hercules Hose, a splendid fall stocking, per pair 60c and 65c

Ladies Fall Cashmere Hose in black, brown and fawn. Special values per pair 75c

Beautiful assortment heavy English cashmere hosiery in contrasting shades \$1.35 to \$1.65

Children's hosiery is one of our strong departments. We carry a big range and the prices are attractive.

Men's fine English rib Worsted hose in popular shades. A wonder hose for per pair 75c

Men's fine silk and wool hose in new shades, usually sold at \$1 to \$1.15 per pair our price pair. 75c

Beautiful assortment of ladies Brush wool sweaters in new styles and latest shades to 75c

Cheaper assortment .. \$2.95 up

Men's heavy pure wool socks our big leader, per pr. 50c. two pr. 95c

Children's sweaters .. \$1.35 up

Men's heavy rib socks, for fall and winter per pair 35c., 3 prs. \$1

Get Ramsay's quotations on your fall supply of rubbers and overshoes.

New shipments every week of new dress flannels—in all the late colors. Our leaders at \$1.35 per yard is a seller. New lot of wool dress crepes just to hand. English ginghams at 25c per yd. is our trade drawer. See these

Stretch your dollars by presenting your lists for Fall Goods Staples at our counters. Unfavorable weather conditions have pushed fall business into a short period and this means a keener fight on our part to sell the stuff.

We can Compete with any Quotations when it comes to a Cash Deal.

ALL TO-DAY'S QUOTATIONS ARE SPOT CASH.

We solicit your valued demands,

Yours Respectfully,

GLEICHEN, ALBERTA

Ramsay's Mercantile Ltd. GLEICHEN, ALBERTA

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

North East ¼ of Sec. 14; Tp. 19; Rge. 22; W. of the 4th Mer. containing 160 acres more or less, subject to taxes for 1925.

By Public Auction in front of the Post Office at Gleichen, on Saturday, the 7th day of November, 1925, at 2 o'clock P.M., by Thomas H. Beach, Auctioneer.

The lands are situated in a well settled and excellent farming district, about one mile from the Post Office and Grain Elevators at Queens-town, and within 2½ miles of a school.

Improvements: House 24x24, Barn

on cement foundation, chicken house and pig pen 14x30, granary 14x30, lean-to shed 22x22, garage and work shop 18x19, one well, approximately 140 acres under cultivation, soil good clay loam, 70 acres good summer fallow.

The property will be offered for sale at an upset price of \$3000 at which bidding will start.

Terms: 10 % cash—balance into court in 60 days without interest.

Standing conditions to apply. Action No. 24227 Supreme Court of Alberta.

Further particulars may be obtained from McLean, Paterson & Company, solicitors, 502 Maclean Block Calgary, Alberta.

Dated at Calgary, this 5th day of

October, 1925.

"A. G. A. CLOWES"
Clerk in Chambers.

APPROVED

L. F. CLARY, M.C.

The above land was wrongly described in the advertisement appearing in October 14th issue of The Gleichen Call.

GOVERNMENT LIQUOR CONTROL ACT OF ALBERTA

APPLICATION FOR BEER LICENSE

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned intends applying to the Alberta Liquor Control Board for a license to sell beer by the glass on

open bottle for consumption in conformity with the provisions of the Government Liquor Control Act of Alberta and the regulations made thereunder with respect to the following premises:

Building now under construction on Lot 4, Block 2, Plan—Railway Avenue, Queenstown, Alberta, being a subdivision of part of E. ¼ Section 26, Township 19, Range 22, West 4th Mer.

Dated at Queenstown, Alberta, this 12th day of October, 1925.

OLE NELSON,
Applicant.

At that, many a man would rather stand for a skunk than have to pay for a coat made out of his hide.

Prof. J. A. Allen, Provincial Geologist of Alberta, declares in an official statement that sixty-two billion tons of coal, half of which is recoverable, lie beneath the surface of Alberta soil.

Seymour Backus, Vice-President of the Backus-Brooks Company, of Winnipeg, states that the largest producing pulp mill in the world will be in operation at Kenora, Ont., before the end of 1925.

It is estimated that Vancouver will ship approximately 25,000,000 bushels of grain of the 1925 crop. Shipments already total 21,188,000 bushels. Commitments for almost 1,000,000 additional bushels have been made.

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BARRE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

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"BARRE, SON OF KAZAN," a Vitaphone Picture, With Wolf, the War Dog. Is an Adaptation of This Story

SYNOPSIS

Barre, wandering in the woods, came upon Wakayoo, the black bear, and, fascinated, watched him knock fish out of the pool. He learned where Wakayoo cached his provisions, a discovery that solved the food problem for the young wolf-dog. One day he suddenly found himself face to face with Pierrot, the trapper, and his daughter, Nepeese, the Willow, who a few days before had shot and slightly wounded Barre, thinking him a wolf. Nepeese now pursued Barre, who concealed himself beneath a great boulder.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Nepeese sprang to her feet. She was panting—and laughing. Pierrot came back wildly, and the Willow pointed beyond him.

"I had him—and he didn't bite!" she said, breathing swiftly. She still pointed to the end of the canyon, and she said again: "I had him—and he didn't bite me, Nootawee!"

That was the wonder of it. She had been reckless—and Barre had not bitten her! It was then, with her eyes shining at Pierrot, and the smile radiating slowly from her lips, that she spoke softly the word "Barre," which in her tongue meant "the wild dog"—a little brother of the wolf.

In and out among the rocks Barre sought swiftly for a way of escape. In a moment more he had come to the "box," or cup of the canyon. This was a break in the wall, fifty or sixty feet wide, which opened into a natural prison about an acre in extent. It was a beautiful spot. On all sides but that leading into the coulee it was shut in by walls of rock. At the far end a waterfall broke down in a series of rippling cascades. The grass was thick underfoot, and strewn with flowers. In this trap Pierrot had got more than one fine haunch of venison. From it there was no escape, except in the face of his rifle. He called to Nepeese as he saw Barre entering it, and together they climbed the slope.

Barre had almost reached the edge of the little prison-meadow when suddenly he stopped himself so quickly that he fell back on his haunches, and his heart jumped up into his throat.

Full in his path stood Wakayoo, the huge black bear!

Barre darted to one side and ran for the open meadow. Wakayoo did

not stir as Barre sped past him—no more than if he had been a bird or rabbit. Then came another breath of air, heavy with the scent of man. This, at last, put life into him. He turned and began lumbering after Barre into the meadow trap. Barre, looking back, saw him coming—and thought it was pursuit. Nepeese and Pierrot came over the slope, and at the same instant they saw both Wakayoo and Barre.

Where they entered into the grassy dip under the rock walls, Barre turned sharply to the right. There was a great boulder, one end of it tilted up off the earth. It looked like a splendid hiding place, and Barre crawled under it.

But Wakayoo kept straight ahead into the meadow.

From where he lay Barre could see what happened. Scarcely had he crawled under the rock when Nepeese and Pierrot appeared through the break in the dip, and stopped. The fact that they stopped thrilled Barre. They were afraid of Wakayoo! The big bear was two-thirds of the way across the meadow. The sun fell on him, so that his coat shone like black satin. Pierrot stared at him for a moment. Pierrot did not kill for the love of killing. Necessity made him a conservationist. But he saw that in spite of the lateness of the season, Wakayoo's coat was splendid—and he raised his rifle.

Barre saw this action. He saw, a moment later, something spit from the end of the gun, and then he heard that deafening crash that had come with his own hurt, when the Willow's bullet had burned through his flesh. He turned his eyes swiftly to Wakayoo. The big bear had stumbled; he was on his knees; and then he struggled up and lumbered on.

The roar of the rifle came again, and a second time Wakayoo went down. Pierrot could not miss at that distance. Wakayoo made a splendid mark. It was slaughter; yet for Pierrot and Nepeese it was business—the business of life.

Barre was shivering. It was more from excitement than fear, for he had lost his own fear in the tragedy of these moments. A low whine rose in his throat as he looked at Wakayoo, who had risen again and faced his enemies—his jaws gaping, his head swinging slowly, his legs weakening under him as the blood poured through his torn lungs. Barre whined—because Wakayoo had fished for him, because he had come to look on him as a friend, and because he knew it was death that Wakayoo was facing now. There was a third shot—the last. Wakayoo sank down in his tracks. His big head dropped between his forepaws. A racking cough or two came to Barre. And then there was silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

As Nepeese gazed about the rock-walled end of the canyon, the prison into which they had driven Wakayoo and Barre, Pierrot looked up again from his skinning of the big black bear, and he muttered something that no one but himself could have heard. "Non, it is not possible," he had said a moment before; but to Nepeese it was possible—the thought that was in her mind. It was a wonderful thought. It thrilled her to the depth of her wild, beautiful soul. It sent a glow into her eyes and a deeper flush of excitement into her cheeks and lips.

As she gazed the ragged edges of the little meadow for signs of the dog-pup, her thoughts flashed back swiftly. Two years ago they had buried her princess mother under the tall spruce near their cabin. That day Pierrot's sun had set for all time, and her own life was filled with a vast loneliness. There had been three at the graveside that afternoon as the sun went down—Pierrot, herself and a dog, a great, powerful husky with a white star on his breast and a white-tipped ear. He

had been her dead mother's pet from puppyhood—her bodyguard, with her always, even with his head resting on the side of her bed as she died. And that night, the night of the day they buried her, the dog had disappeared. He had gone as quietly and as completely as her spirit. No one ever saw him after that. It was strange, and to Pierrot it was a miracle. Deep in his heart he was filled with the wonderful conviction that the dog had gone with his beloved Wyola into heaven.

But Nepeese had spent three winters at the Missioner's school at Nelson House. She had learned a great deal about white people and the real God, and she knew that Pierrot's thought was impossible. She believed that her mother's husky was either dead or had joined the wolves. Probably he had gone to the wolves. So was it not possible that this youngster she and her father had pursued was of the flesh and blood of her mother's pet? It was more than possible.

Barre had not moved an inch from under his rock. He lay like a thing stunned, his eyes fixed steadily on the scene of the tragedy out in the meadow.

Barre wanted to approach. It was like an invisible string tugging at his very heart. It was Kazan, and not Gray Wolf, calling to him back through the centuries, a "call" that was as old as the Egyptian pyramids and perhaps ten thousand years older. But against that desire Gray Wolf was pulling from out the black ages of the forests. The wolf held him quiet and motionless. Nepeese was looking about her. She was smiling. For a moment her face was turned toward him, and he saw the white shine of her teeth, and her beautiful eyes seemed glowing straight at him.

And then, suddenly, she dropped on her knees and peered under the rock. Their eyes met. For at least half a minute there was not a sound. Nepeese did not move, and her breath came so softly that Barre could not hear it.

Then she said, almost in a whisper: "Barre! Barre! Upt Barre!"

It was the first time Barre had heard his name, and there was something so soft and reassuring in the sound of it that in spite of himself the dog in him responded to it in a whimper that just reached the Willow's ears. Slowly she stretched in an arm. "It was bare and round and soft. He might have darted forward the length of his body and buried his fangs in it easily. But something held him back. He knew that it was not an enemy; he knew that the dark eyes shining at him so wonderfully were not filled with the desire to harm—and the voice that came to him softly was like a strange and thrilling music.

"Barre! Barre! Upt Barre!"

Over and over again the Willow called to him like that, while on her face she tried to draw herself a few inches farther under the rock. She could not reach him. There was still a foot between her hand and Barre, and she could not wedge herself in an inch more. And then she saw where on the other side of the rock there was a hollow, shut in by a stone. If she had removed the stone, and come in that way—

She drew herself out and stood once more in the sunshine. Her heart thrilled. Pierrot was busy over his bear—and she would not call him. She made an effort to move the stone which closed in the hollow under the big boulder, but it was wedged in tightly. Then she began digging with a stick.

Five minutes—and Nepeese could move the stone. She tugged at it. Inch by inch she dragged it out until at last it lay at her feet and the opening was ready for her body. She looked again toward Pierrot. He was still busy, and she laughed softly as she untied a big red-and-white Bay handkerchief from about her shoulders. She dropped on her hands and knees and then lowered herself flat on the ground and began crawling into the hollow under the boulder.

Barre had moved. With the back of his head flattened against the rock he heard something which Nepeese had not heard; he had felt a slow and growing pressure, and from this pressure he had dragged himself slowly—and the pressure still followed. The mass of rock was settling! Nepeese did not see or hear or understand. She was calling to him more and more pleadingly: "Barre—Barre—Barre—"

Her head and shoulders and both arms were under the rock now. The glow of her eyes was very close to Barre. He whined. The thrill of a great and impending danger stirred in his blood. And then—

In that moment Nepeese felt the pressure of the rock on her shoulder, and into the eyes that had been glowing softly at Barre there shot a sudden wild look of horror. And then there came from her lips a cry that was not like any other sound Barre had ever heard in the wilderness—wild, piercing, filled with agonized fear. Pierrot did not hear that first cry. But he heard the second and the third—and then scream after scream as the Willow's tender body was slowly crushed under the settling mass. He ran toward it with the speed of the wind. The cries were weaker—dying away. He saw Barre as he came out from under the rock and ran into the chasm, and in the same instant he saw a part of the Willow's dress and her moaning feet. The rest of her was hidden under the death trap. Like a madman Pierrot began digging. When a few moments later he drew Nepeese out from under the boulder she was white and deathly still. Her eyes were closed. His hand could not feel that she was living, and a great moan of anguish rose out of his soul. But he knew how to fight for a life. He tore open her dress and found that she was not crushed as he had feared. Then he ran for water. When he returned, the Willow's eyes were open and she was gasping for breath.

"The blessed saints be praised!" sobbed Pierrot, falling on his knees at her side. "Nepeese, ma Nepeese!"

CHAPTER IX.

Impelled by the wild alarm of the Willow's terrible cries and the sight of Pierrot dashing madly toward him from the dead body of Wakayoo, Barre did not stop running until it seemed as though his lungs could not draw another breath. When he stopped, he was well out of the canyon and headed for the beaver pond.

Exactly wherein lay Barre's fears it would be difficult to say—but surely it was not because of Nepeese. The Willow had chased him hard. She had flung herself upon him. He had felt the clutch of her hands and the smother of her soft hair, and yet of her he was not afraid! If he stopped now and then in his flight and looked back, it was to see if Nepeese was following. He would not have run had he been alone. Her eyes and voice and hands had set something stirring in him; he was filled with a greater yearning and a greater loneliness now—and that night he dreamed troubled dreams.

Barre was glad when the dawn came. He did not seek for food, but went down to the pond. There was little hope and anticipation in his manner now. He remembered that, as plainly as animal ways could talk, Umisk and his playmates had told him they wanted nothing to do with him. And yet the fact that they were there took away from his loneliness. It was more than loneliness. The wolf in him was submerged. The dog was master.


In one of the larger canals Barre surprised a big beaver towing a four-foot cutting of birch as thick through as a man's leg—half a dozen breakfasts and dinners and suppers in that one cargo. The four or five inner barks of the birch are what might be called the bread and butter and potatoes of the beaver menu, while the more highly prized barks of the willow and young alder take the place of meat and pie.

Barre smelled curiously of the birch cutting after the old beaver had abandoned it in flight, and then went on. He did not try to hide himself now, and at least half a dozen beavers had a good look at him before he came to the point where the pond narrowed down to the width of the stream, almost half a mile from the dam. Then he wandered back. All that morning he hovered about the pond, showed himself openly.

In their big mud-and-stick strongholds the beavers held a council of war. They were distinctly puzzled.

It may be that the beavers discussed the matter fully among themselves. It is possible that Umisk and his playmates told their parents of their adventures, and of how Barre made no move to harm them when he could quite easily have caught them. It is also more than likely that the old beavers who had fled from Barre that morning gave an account of their adventures, again emphasizing the fact that the stranger, while frightening them, had shown no disposition to attack them. All this is quite possible, for if beavers can make a large part of a continent's history, and can perform engineering feats that nothing less than dynamite can destroy, it is only reasonable to suppose that they have some way of making one another understand.

However this may be, courageous



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old Beaver-tooth took it upon himself to end the suspense.

It was early in the afternoon that for the third or fourth time Barre walked out on the dam. This dam was fully two hundred feet in length, but at no point did the water run over it, the overflow finding its way through narrow sluices. A week or two ago Barre could have crossed to the opposite side of the pond on this dam, but now—at the far end—Beaver-tooth and his engineers were adding a new section of dam, and in order to accomplish their work more easily, they had flooded fifty yards of the low ground on which they were working. The main dam held a fascination for Barre. It was strong with the smell of beaver. The top of it was high and dry, and there were dozens of smoothly worn little hollows in which the beavers had taken their sun-baths. In one of these hollows Barre stretched himself out, with his eyes on the pond. Not a ripple stirred its velvety smoothness. Not a sound broke the drowsy stillness of the afternoon. The beavers might have been dead or asleep, for all the stir they made. And yet they knew that Barre was on the dam. Where he lay, the sun fell in a warm flood, and it was so comfortable that after a time he had difficulty in keeping his eyes open to watch the pond. Then he fell asleep.

Just how Beaver-tooth sensed this fact is a mystery. Five minutes later he came up quietly, without a splash or a sound, within fifty yards of Barre. For a few moments he scarcely moved in the water. Then he swam very slowly parallel with the dam across the pond. At the other side he drew himself ashore, and for another minute sat as motionless as a stone, with his eyes on that part of the dam where Barre was lying.

A few yards away Barre was almost hidden in his hollow, only the top of his shiny black body appearing to Beaver-tooth's scrutiny. To get a better look, the old beaver spread his tail out beyond him and rose to a sitting posture on his hind-quarters, his two front paws held squirrel-like over his breast. In this pose he was fully three feet tall. He probably weighed forty pounds, and in some ways he resembled one of those fat, good-natured, silly-looking dogs that go largely to stomach. But his brain was working with amazing celerity. Suddenly he gave the hard mud of the dam a single slap with his tail—and Barre sat up. Instantly he saw Beaver-tooth, and stared. Beaver-tooth stared. For a full half-minute neither moved the thousandth part of an inch. Then Barre stood up and wagged his tail.

That was enough. Dropping to his fore-feet, Beaver-tooth waddled leisurely to the edge of the dam and dived over. He was neither cautious nor in very great haste now. He made a great commotion in the water and swam boldly back and forth under Barre. When he had done this several times, he cut straight up the pond to the largest of the three houses and disappeared. Five minutes after Beaver-tooth's exploit, word was passing quickly among the colony. The stranger—Barre—was not a lynx. He was not a fox. He was not a wolf. Moreover, he was very young—and harmless.

(To be continued)

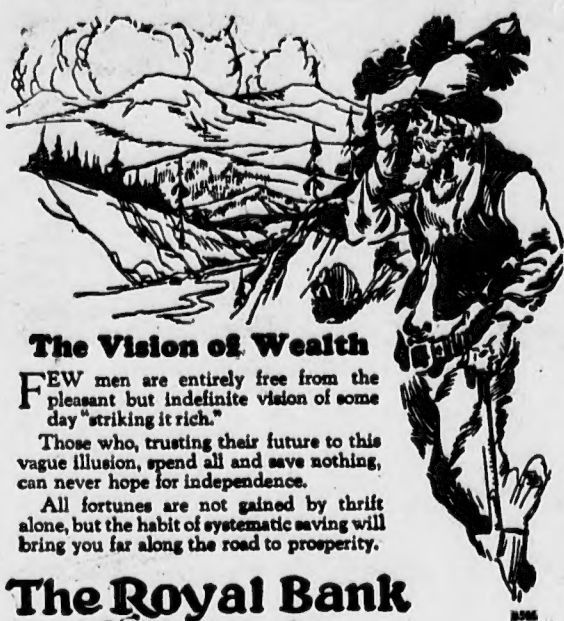
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The Vision of Wealth

FEW men are entirely free from the pleasant but indefinite vision of some day "striking it rich."

Those who, trusting their future to this vague illusion, spend all and save nothing, can never hope for independence.

All fortunes are not gained by thrift alone, but the habit of systematic saving will bring you far along the road to prosperity.

The Royal Bank of Canada

Gleichen Branch • D. Hutcheson, Manager

POLICY

WHAT character is to a man, policy is to a business. Since our inception we have never swerved from our purpose to market, at a moderate price, the best coal it is possible to buy.

NEWCASTLE COAL

R. S. McQueen

THE ONLY FIRM HANDLING GALT COAL IN GLEICHEN

Here is a broad statement

We have the
**BEST
OVERALLS
IN GLEICHEN**
Don't fail to see them

T. H. BEACH

Counter Check Books, - Phone 12



In Any Walk

of life our Classified Want Ads. will help you.

If you want a position, you can reach the best employers.

If you want help you can get the best efficient.

Money to loan or money to borrow. Want Ads. govern the entire field.

MISCELLANEOUS

Notice under this heading 15 words or under 50c. first insertion and 25c. each subsequent insertion—3 weeks \$1. Over 15 words one cent per word for each insertion.

When any brands have to be cut a charge of 35c. each is made.

Brand reading notices \$1.50 each animal, three insertions. Over 15 words 1 cent per word extra each insertion.

In order to insure publication CASH MUST accompany each notice.

PIGS FOR SALE—\$3.00 each. W. Lyle, Arrowwood.

HOUSE TO RENT—Newly decorated and in good shape, with barn, centrally located. Box 1 Call office.

FOR SALE—Good "Canada Pride" Range, "Gurney" Heater and Kitchen Cabinet. Apply S. E. Daeke. 32

FOUND—Fountain pen near this office Tuesday. Apply Call office.

FOR SALE—Star car, this year's model, full balloon tires and spare. Run 1500, same as new. Owner leaving the country. Apply Box 32 Chumy.

TOWN OF GLEICHEN

FIRE DEPARTMENT

The fire equipment is now housed just inside the main entrance of G. T. Jones livery barn.

Peter Maclean,
Sec.-Treas.

UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

REV. H. J. BEVAN, Minister
Phone 24

11 a.m. Sunday School and Bible Classes.

2 p.m. Arrowwood Sunday school.

3 p.m. Arrowwood public worship.

7:30 p.m. Evening worship.

Weekday List

Monday at 8 p.m. Trail ranger camp.

Tuesday at 7:30 C. G. I. T. at the Manse.

Wednesday at 8 p.m. Missionary meeting.

COMING EVENTS

Ads. under Coming Events 25c. per count line, unless otherwise advertised in the Call.

Oct. 21—W. J. Douglas public meeting in Gleichen Com. Hall.

Oct. 22—E. J. Garland public meeting in Gleichen Com. Hall.

Oct. 23—Chautauqua dance in the Meadowbrook Hall.

Oct. 23—Moving pictures start every Friday night.

Oct. 29—Hallowe'en Dinner, Circle Ladies, in Gleichen Com. Hall.

Nov. 4—Bapt concert and dance in Gleichen Community Hall.

Nov. 11—Armistice banquet for returned soldiers in the Community hall, Gleichen.

Nov. 20—W.A. sale of work and home cooking and whist drive and dance.

TOWN AND DISTRICT

Two dollars will pay new subscribers to the end of 1926.

Ramsay has important things for you on Page 6 this week.

N. T. Purcell has left for a month's vacation in the east. It is stated he will not return all alone.

May kind providence deliver us from the balloon pants if they are really anything like we beheld at a recent dance. The board of trade should interest itself in this burning question.

Oct. 23 and 24



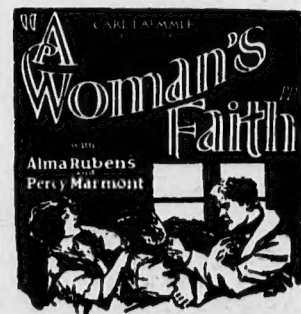
CRASH!

DOWN SHE FELL

Feel the thrill of the circus the exotic lure of strange, weird mysteries the throbs of the intense love theme the glamor of these nomads of the big white tents

THE GREAT CIRCUS MYSTERY

THE GREATEST FILM ON EARTH WITH BONO MO WORLD'S STRONGEST HUMAN



OCT. 23rd and 24th
Fighting for the woman he refused to love!

SPECIAL

Commencing Friday Oct. 23rd pictures will be shown on both Friday and Saturday nights.

Friday October 23, only all children of school age will be admitted free.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH SERVICES

Incumbent, Rev. Neville Blunt

October 25th.

Sunday School at 10 a.m.

Morning Prayer 11 a.m.

Evenings 7:30 p.m.

Monday 8 p.m. Instructional Class

TOWN AND DISTRICT

You won't need your specks to see Ramsay's ad. this week.

Every returned soldier is expected to be at the banquet on Nov. 11th.

On Friday you are going to the Chautauqua dance and so in everyone else.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sutor, of Chumy announce the arrival of a baby girl on Saturday October 10th.

Our ladies know how to use a man in sickness or in health. They will feed the brute the election.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Whitting, of Milo are happy over the arrival of a fine baby boy on Tuesday, October 13th.

Geo. Mace, of Blind Creek, was in town one day last week taking in the world series baseball via the radio.

Mrs. R. W. Brown entertained at a most delightful miscellaneous shower, for Miss Lillian Moore on Monday evening, when a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Some of R. B. Bennett's friends in Calgary are likely to cause his defeat by knocking his opposition too much. R. B. is a mighty capable fellow, who should be elected on his merits.

Thank goodness the world series are over for another year at least. Business will now be able to pursue its normal course and above all the boys will be able to get to school on time, also Botterill will be able to serve his customers with greater dispatch.

The Canadian Red Cross Society, Alberta division, has set October 31 for Red Cross Day 1925, and are appealing for assistance for the varied departments under which the society is accomplishing such excellent work. The Gleichen branch is considering their plans and will no doubt have an announcement for our next issue.

The ladies of St. Victor's Church proved entertainers par excellence on Monday night when they gave a whist drive, dance and supper in the Gleichen Community Hall. There was a big crowd present and a most enjoyable time spent. Financially the affair was also a success, although the exact amount netted has not yet been arrived at.

A very pleasant dance was held in the Gleichen Community Hall last Friday evening, by the dance committee of the hall. There was not a very large attendance but a nice profit was made. Balloon pants made their first appearance in Gleichen at this dance. They were worn by a young man from across the river and were the cynosure of all eyes during the evening.

Mrs. John Koefoed has arrived home from Seattle, where she attended the wedding of her daughter Rachel to Mr. R. S. Atcheson, in the Presbyterian Church in that city on Tuesday, October 8th, when a number of friends were present to witness the ceremony. The happy young couple, after the wedding left for an extended trip to California and other parts. Mr. Atcheson is well known in Gleichen having worked in the C. P. R. office here for some time. The many friends of the happy young couple will join The Call in wishing them a long, happy and useful life.

TRAIL RANGERS

The Trail Rangers Camp held their first hike of the season on Friday afternoon last. Ten boys were present. Games, supper around the camp fires and stories of the summer camp comprised the program along with some fairly original ghost stories. Some real excitement was injected into the proceedings by a dog fight indulged in by some visiting dogs. They were finally separated and kept peace for the remainder of the evening.

The first regular meeting of the year was held in the United Church on Monday evening, twelve boys being present. There was a period of physical exercises. Then the proposed program for the winter was outlined, the badge work decided upon along with the course of study. There was the usual full period at the close. There were no casualties. Any boy of twelve years of age or over who is a member of some Sunday school may attend the meetings of the camp.

EASTERN STAR ENTERTAINS WORTHY GRAND MATRON

Sister Mrs. Boubier, Worthy Grand Matron of the Alberta Star Chapter, O. E. S., paid Gleichen Chapter No. 18 an official visit on Tuesday October 13. In the afternoon she conducted a school of instruction and at night attended the regular meeting, when she delivered the most interesting address ever heard in the local lodge, after which she was presented with a suitable gift and tendered a banquet, that proved one of the most enjoyable given by the Eastern Star. While in town she was the guest of Worthy Matron Sister Georgina Evans.

RETURNED SOLDIERS BANQUET ON ARMISTICE NIGHT

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11TH

The returned men of Gleichen and district are holding their annual banquet on Wednesday, November 11th, in the Gleichen Community Hall and the Gleichen Women's Institute have kindly consented to act as hostesses. Any returned men in the district not receiving a printed invitation please communicate at once with Messrs. G. H. Gooderham or J. Lunan. It is hoped that all returned men will avail themselves of this occasion to celebrate the Armistice and renew old friends.

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Andrew's Church will hold a sale of work and home cooking and whist drive and dance in the Gleichen Community Hall on Thursday evening, November 13th.

LACQ

Not Paint
Not Varnish
All Colors

Dries in Less than
one Half Hour

For Floors, Furniture,
Exterior and Interior

FLANAGAN BROS.
HARDWARE

PHONE 84

GLEICHEN

DO NOT DEFER YOUR DECISION

4 1/2 %

PROVINCIAL
GUARANTEE



CERTIFICATES
SAVINGS

Learn how to save—Choose a good investment—Begin now.

Purchase Province of Alberta "Demand Savings Certificates."

They bear interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent per annum.

They are issued at par in denominations of \$5, \$10, \$25, \$50, \$100, \$1,000 and \$10,000.

They are redeemable at par on demand at the office of the Deputy Provincial Treasurer.

They are backed by all the Resources of the Province of Alberta.

Remittances should be made by marked cheque, money order or postal note. All cheques receivable at par.

For further particulars, write or apply to

HON. R. G. REID,
Provincial Treasurer.

W. V. NEWSON,
Deputy Provincial Treasurer.

Wonderful weather once more.

Chumy is putting on a two day carnival Thursday and Friday of the week.

Miss Jean Maclean has returned from a short visit to Moose Jaw, Sask.

All the school boys and girls will be admitted free to the picture show on Friday night.

S. A. Hall and family leave today for Calgary to make their home there in future.

The Chautauqua dance at Meadowbrook Hall on Friday night promises to be a huge success.

Mr. Mavor is ill and cannot attend the Conservative meeting in Gleichen tonight but Mr. Douglas, the Conservative candidate will fill his place.

The Call should explain that the short article appearing in last issue under the heading "Pro Bono Publico" was sent in by a correspondent and should have appeared under responsible for same.

Jesse Gouge: "When you hear a man declaring down town he runs everything at his home, go to his home and you will find he is running a lawn mower or a washing machine." Pretty good, Jesse. You may get the ladies vote.

Get your ticket now for the band concert and dance.

The band concert and dance on November 4th will be something that everyone will thoroughly enjoy.

Last Saturday morning a few started threshing but snowstorm also started before noon and put a quick stop to operations. However, the weather since Monday has been very good and yesterday the hum of the thresher was heard throughout the district and once more the big grain tanks are a welcome sight on our streets with every prospect of continuing at the hour of going to press.

Counter check books are very cheap just now. Leave your next order with the Call.

Harry Woods, editor of the Wellington, Kansas, News, went to a church supper some time ago to which he had been given a free ticket.

As he neared the portals he heard one good sister whisper to another, "here comes one of the deadheads." Reflectively he ate his chicken wing and returned to his office and got out his trusty pencil. He found that he had given that particular supper just \$3.45 worth of free advertising and in return therefore he had received one chicken wing, and the name of "deadhead." Since that day he has collected cash for all church suppers, and other pay functions, has never accepted a free ticket to anything, and he also gets the choice part of the chicken, which he purchases for himself with cash paid for advertising which he used to give gratuitously.